

NATIONAL

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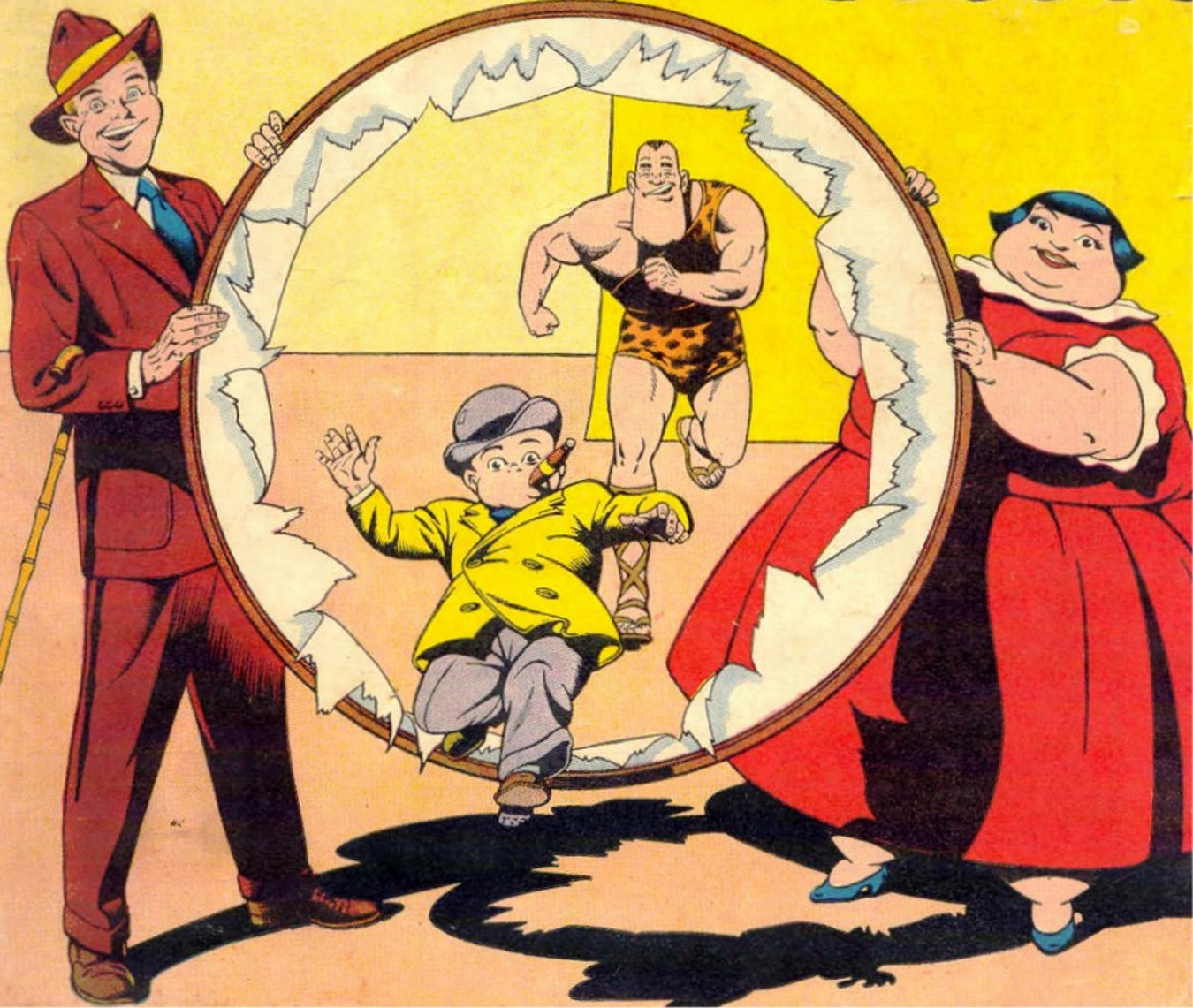


DECEMBER
No. 63

COMICS

10¢

The **BARKER**
has a close shave
WITH
The **BEARDED LADY!**





WEB COMIC
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NATIONAL

COMICS

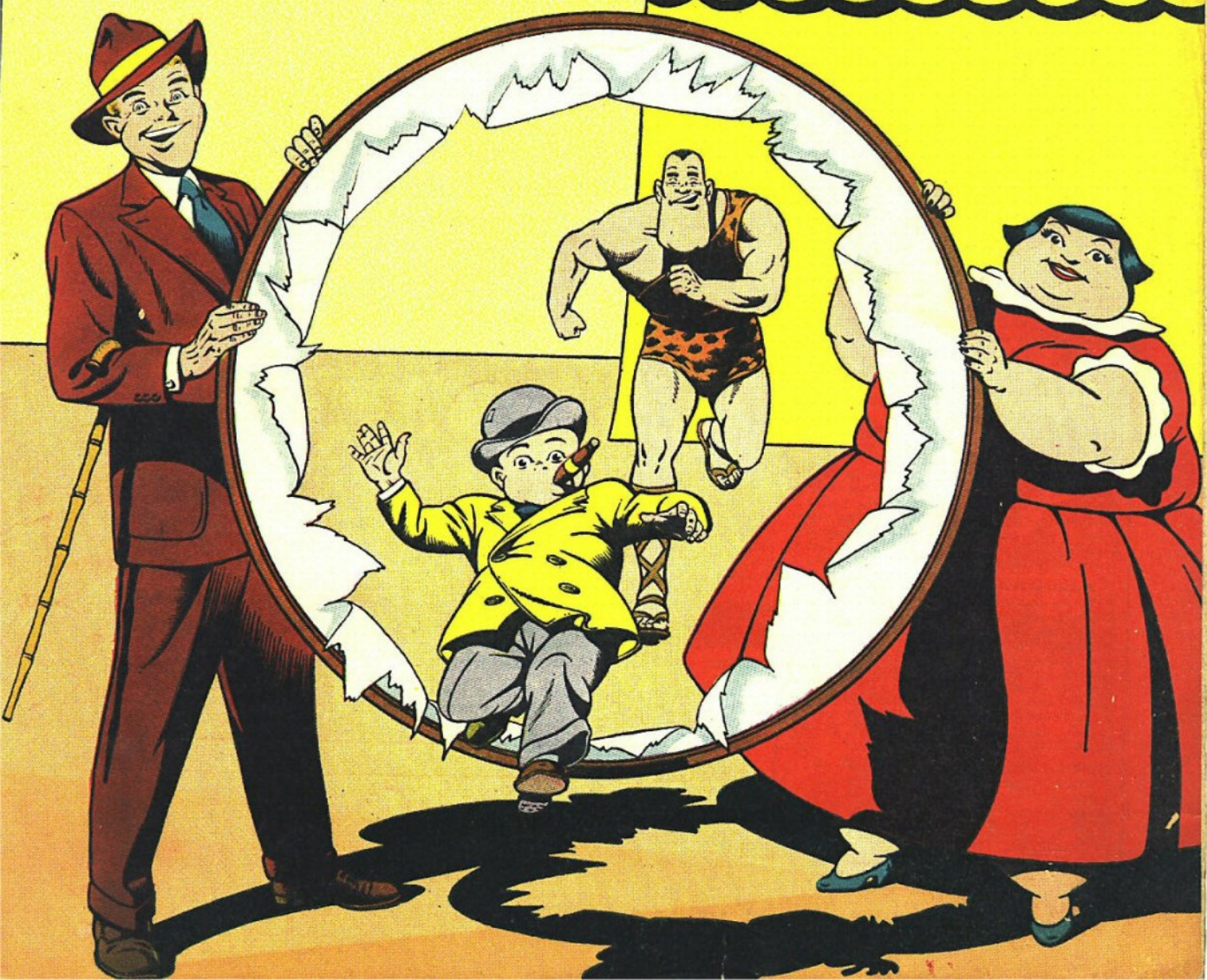
DECEMBER
No. 63

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QUALITY
COMIC
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10¢

The **BARKER**
has a close shave
WITH
The **BEARDED LADY!**



Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



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Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

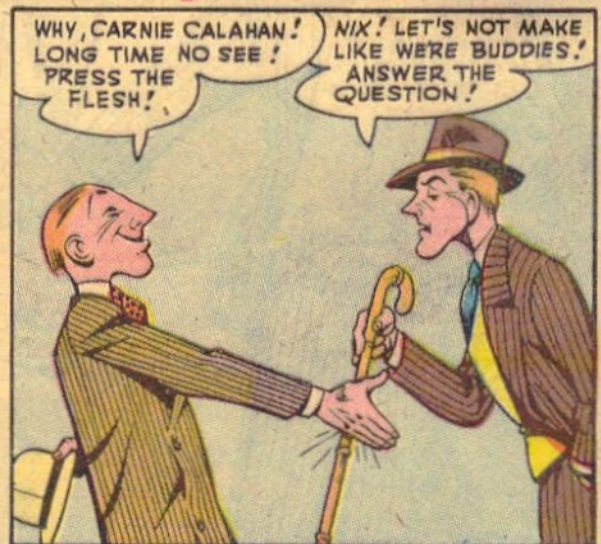
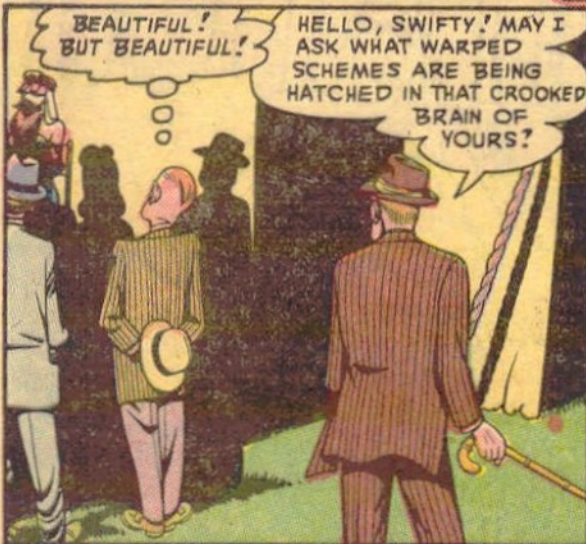
STEP UP CLOSER,
FOLKS! SHE'S THE
BEARDED LADY WITH
THE LONGEST BEARD
IN THE WORLD! YES,
SIR-EE! YOUR MONEY BACK
IF YOU CAN PRODUCE ANY
MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD
WITH A BEARD THAT IS
LONGER OR MORE
BEE-OO-TIFUL!

The

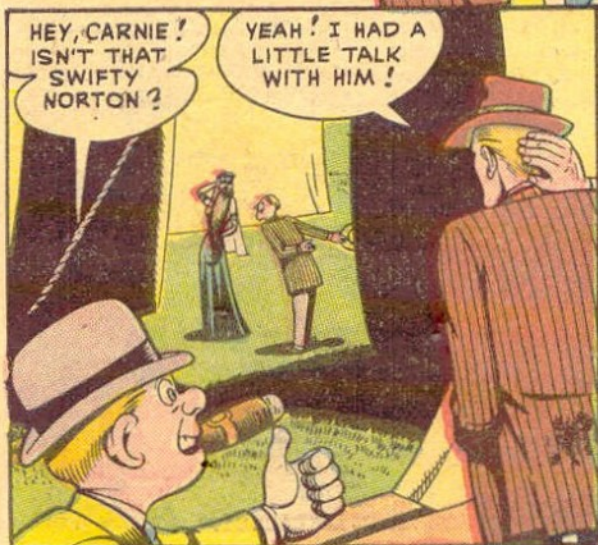
BARKER

by
Klaus Nordling

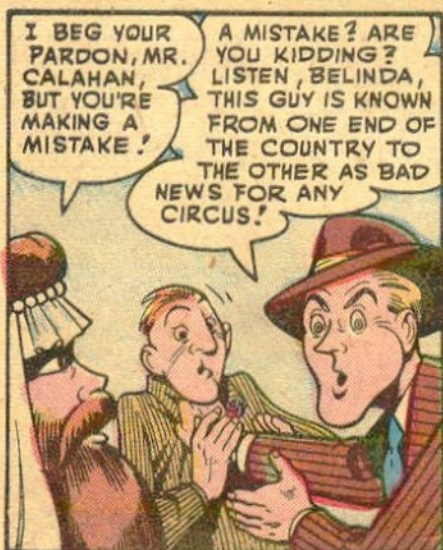
Carnie Calahan, the genial
BARKER for Colonel Lane's
Mammoth Circus, gets in
an entanglement ... all because
of BELINDA, the bearded
lady!



NATIONAL COMICS

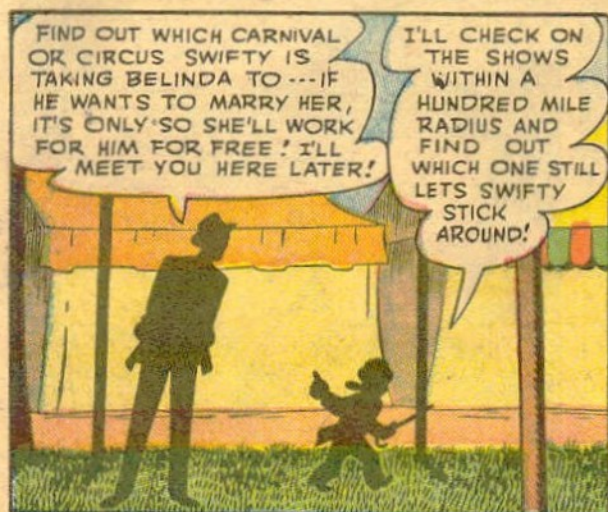


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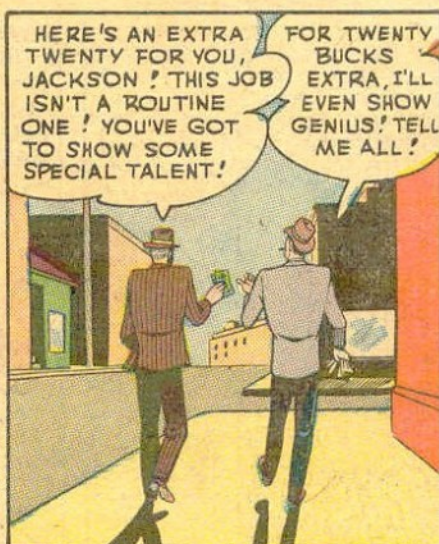


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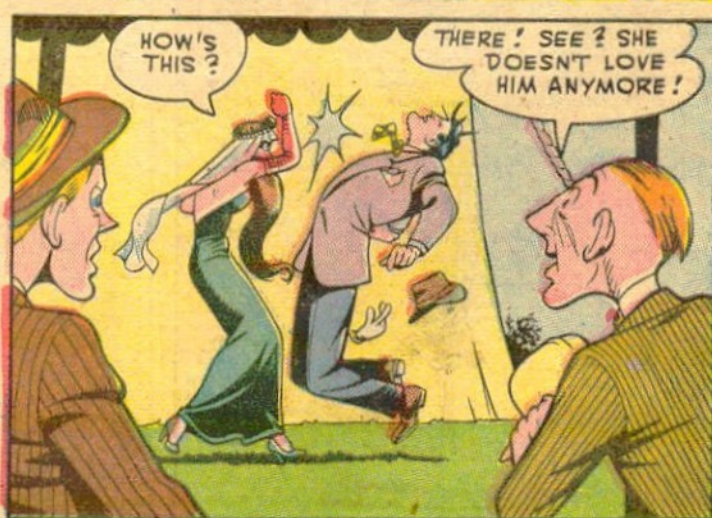




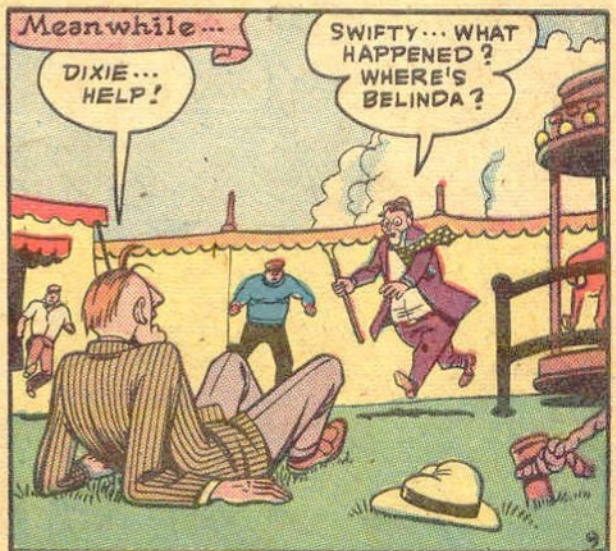
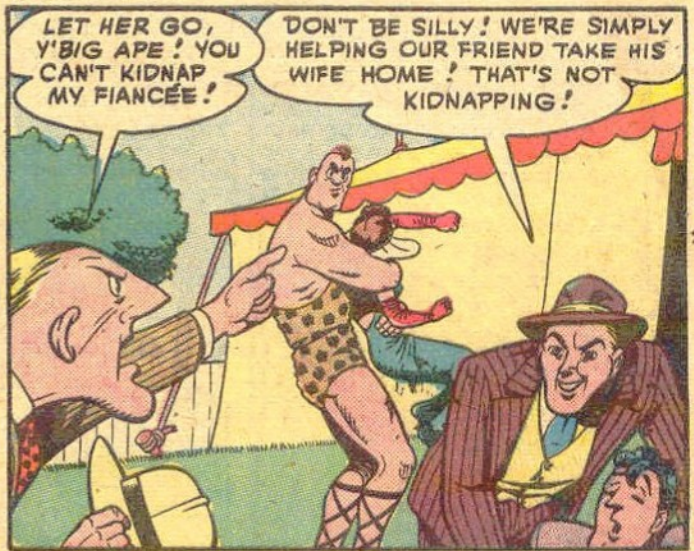
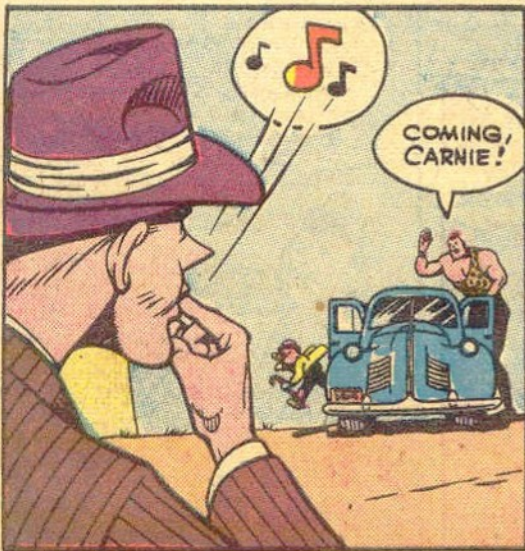
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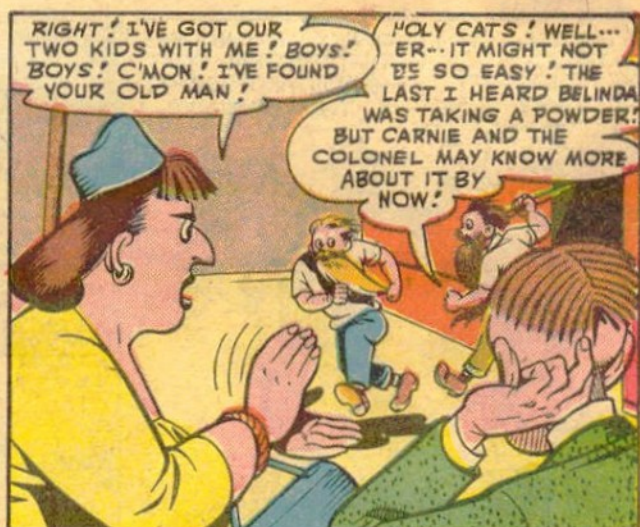
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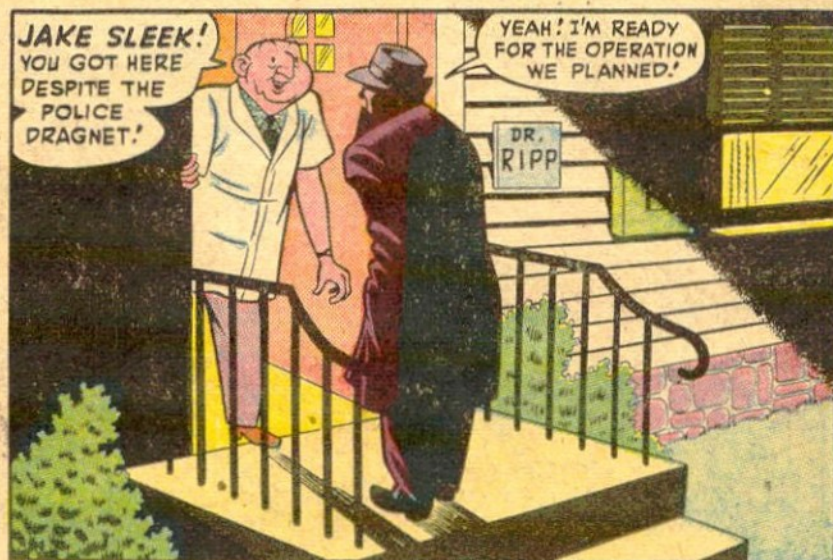




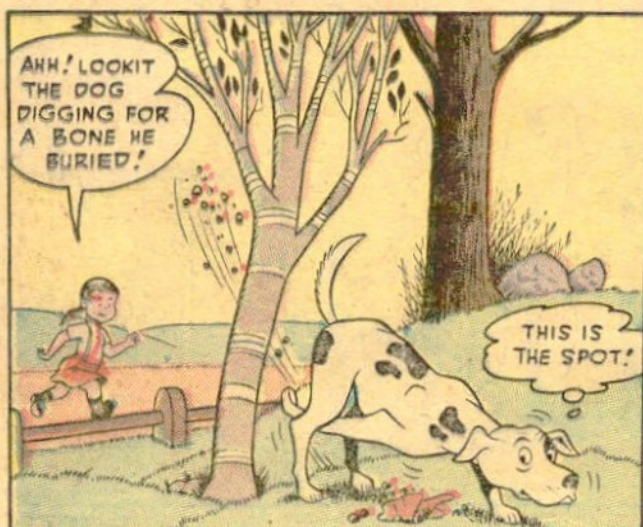
GRANNY GUMSHOE by GILL FOX

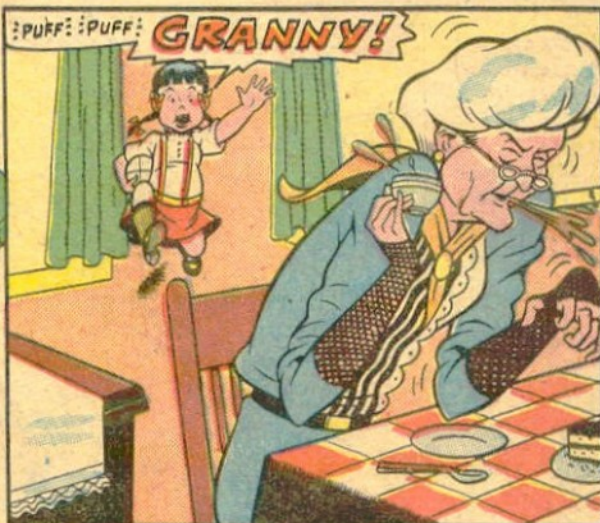
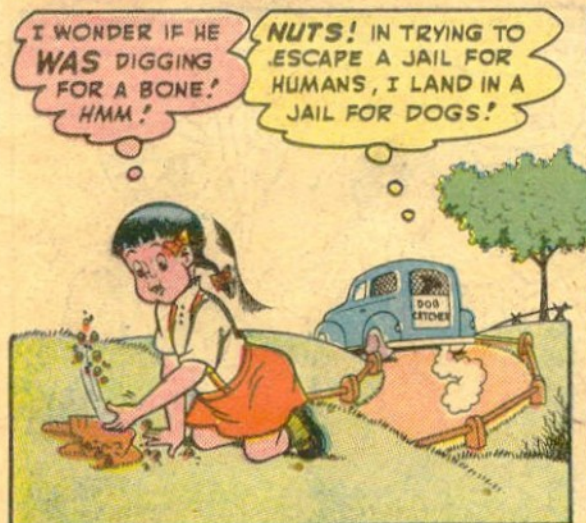
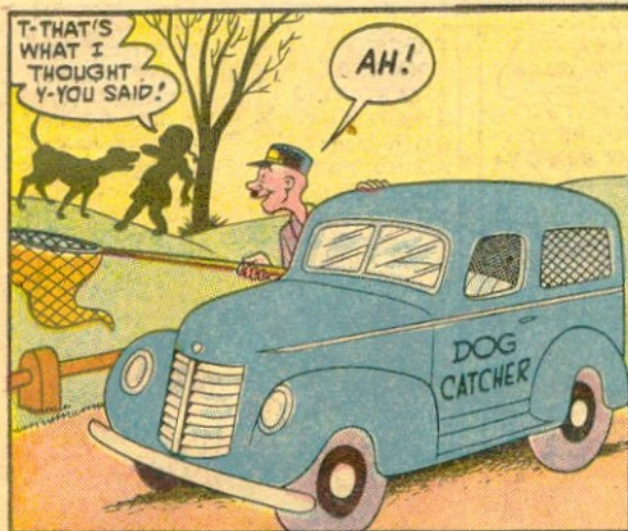


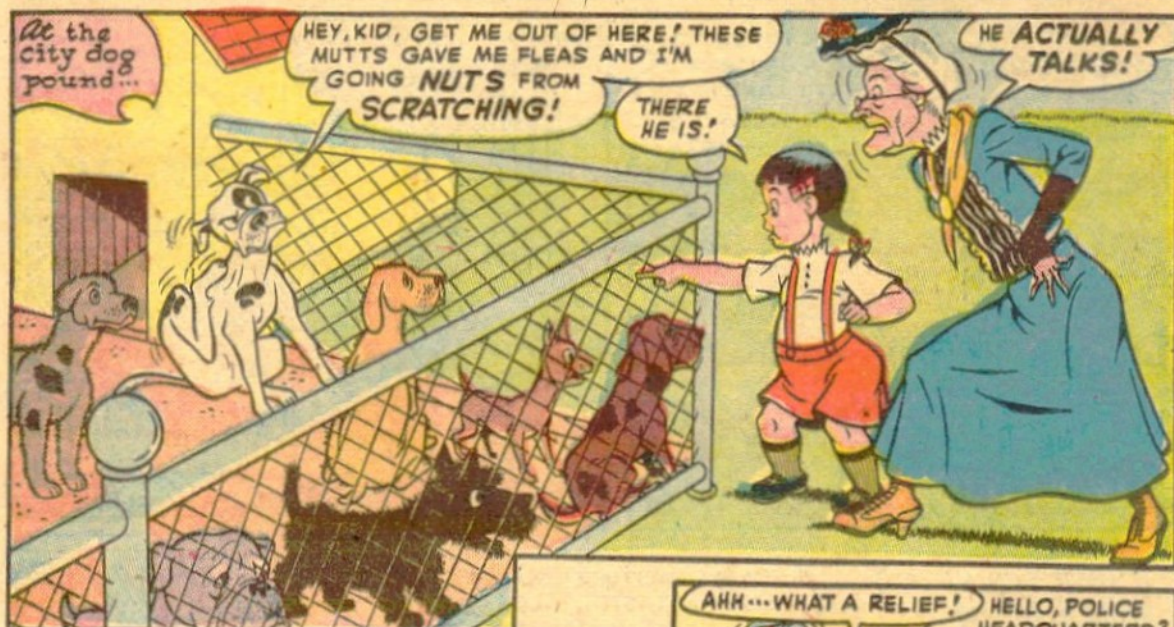
A nation-wide alarm has been given to pick up JAKE SLEEK, the master embezzler who stole one million dollars from the bank where he was employed! It's a dark night in Granny's town of Weston, when a figure darts from the shadows and rings the bell of Dr. Ripp, an under-world surgeon...



As dawn tints the sky, an operation unique in the history of surgery has been successfully completed in the laboratory of Doctor Ripp!

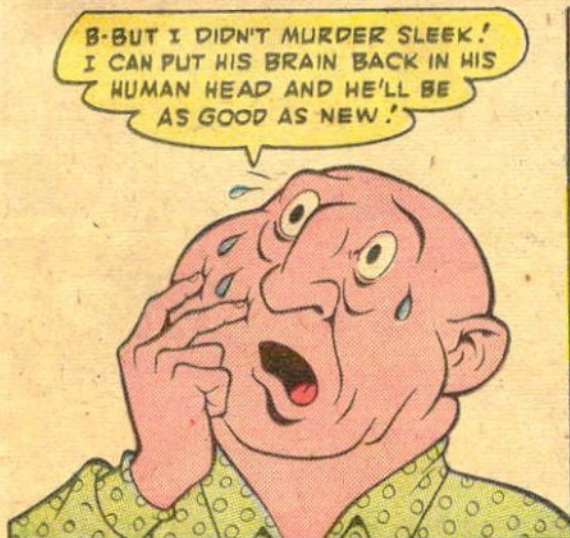
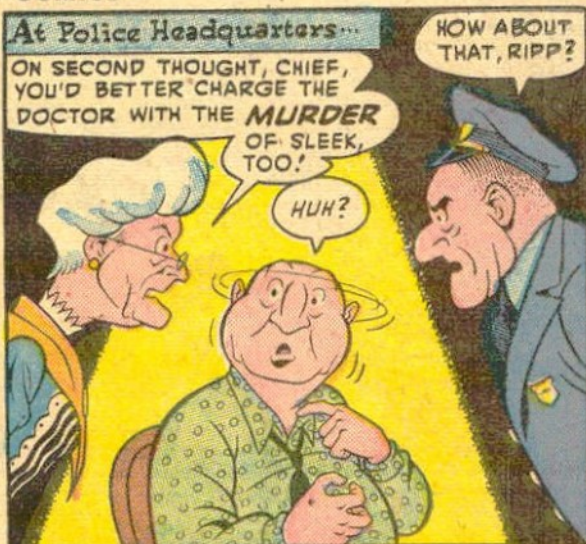


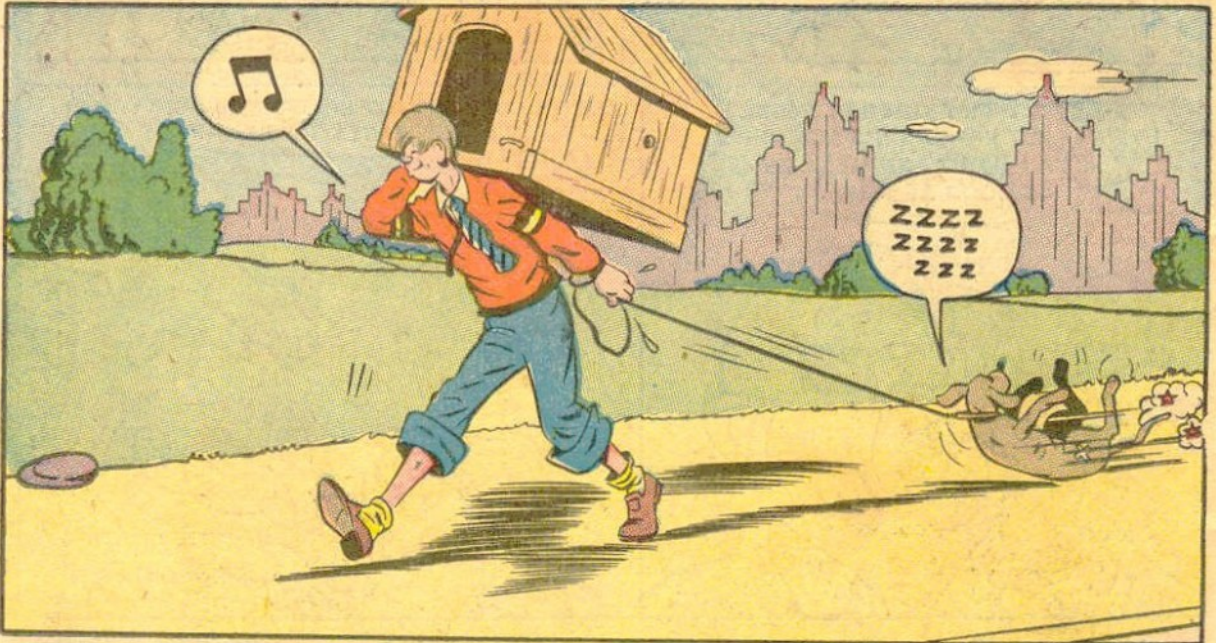




Back in Granny's house.. the dog has told his story!







THE NICE MAN ALSO SAID, IF ATOM DOESN'T PROVE HIS WORTH AS A WATCHDOG AT THE END OF **TWENTY YEARS**, YOU GET YOUR **FIVE DOLLARS** BACK, PAPA!



PAPA! PLISS! DON'T BE BLAMINK ANTHROP! IT VOOS BEING MINE IDEAR, PAPA! I GIFF HIM THE **MOOLA** FROM YOUR ALRADDY MONT'LY ALLOWANCE!

DID I DO SOMETHIN', PAPA?



PAPA, PLISS! DON'T BE GATTINK EXERCITED FROM NOTTINK! YOUR MONNEE YOU'LL BE GATTINK BACK IN TWENTY YEARS... IF ATOM BE OTHERWISE THAN A VATCHDOK!

GRRR!
H-HOKAY,
MAMA!
HOKAY!

YEH, PAPA!
YOU'LL GET
YOUR MONEY
BACK! JUS'
BE PATIENT!



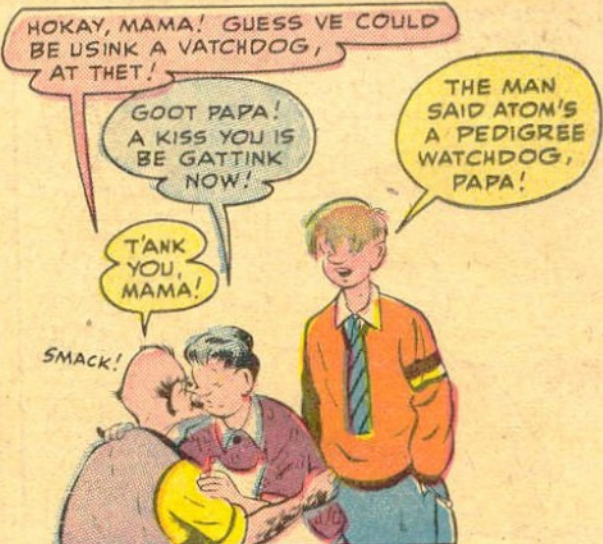
HOKAY, MAMA! GUESS VE COULD BE USINK A VATCHDOG, AT THET!

GOOT PAPA!
A KISS YOU IS
BE GATTINK
NOW!

THE MAN
SAID ATOM'S
A PEDIGREE
WATCHDOG,
PAPA!

T'ANK
YOU,
MAMA!

SMACK!



AMAZINK! A PEDIGREE, YAT! A DOK HE ISS ALSO LOOKING LAK! HMM!

THE MAN SAID HE'S A DOG, TOO, PAPA!

HMM!

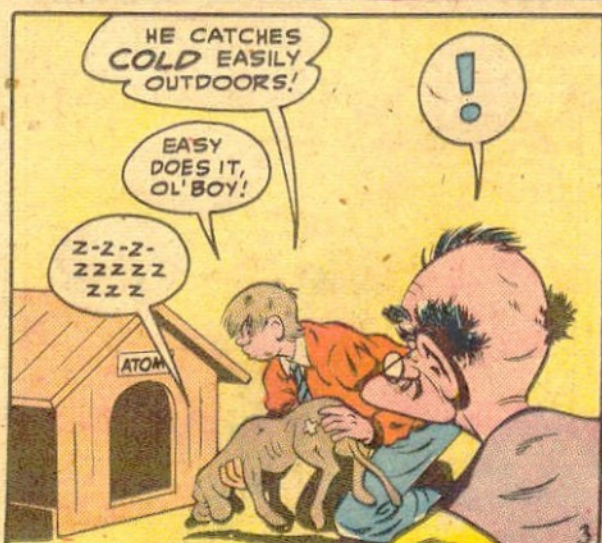
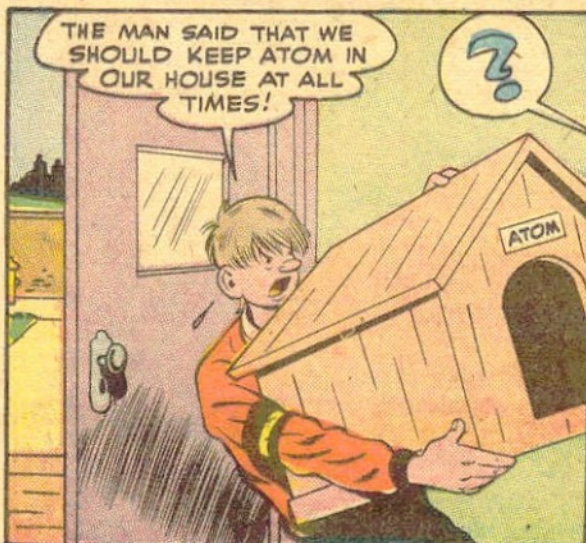
Z-Z-Z-Z
ZZZZ-
ZZZ



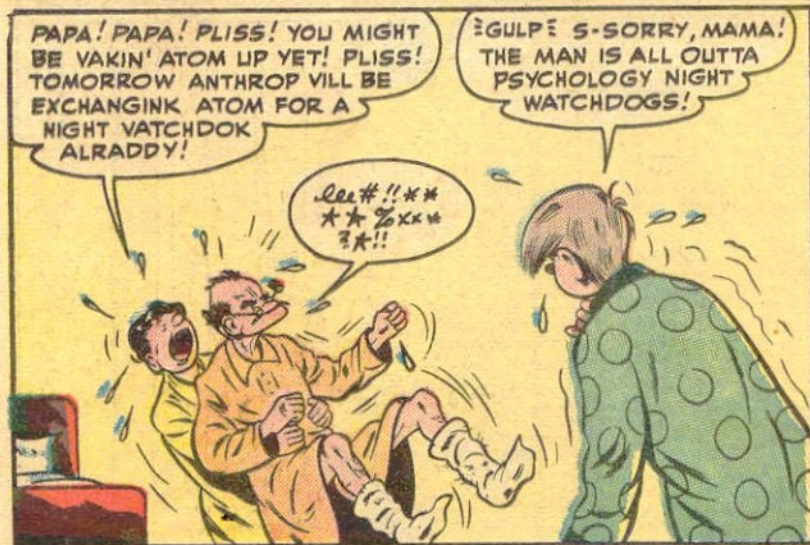
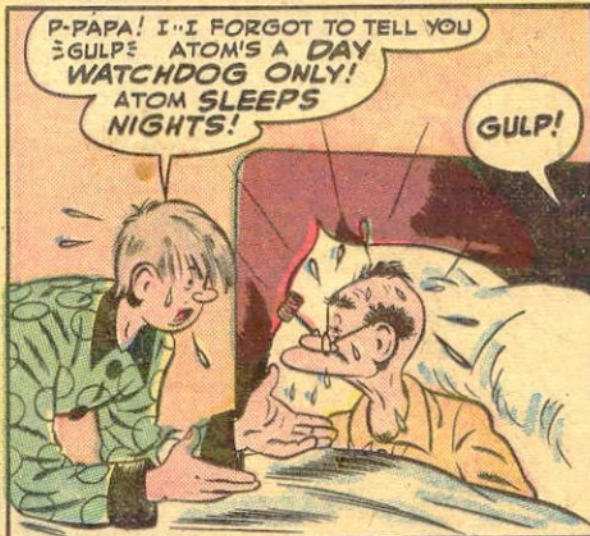
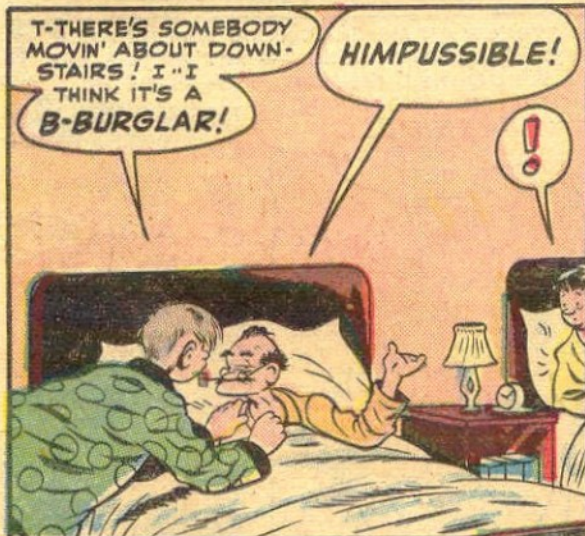
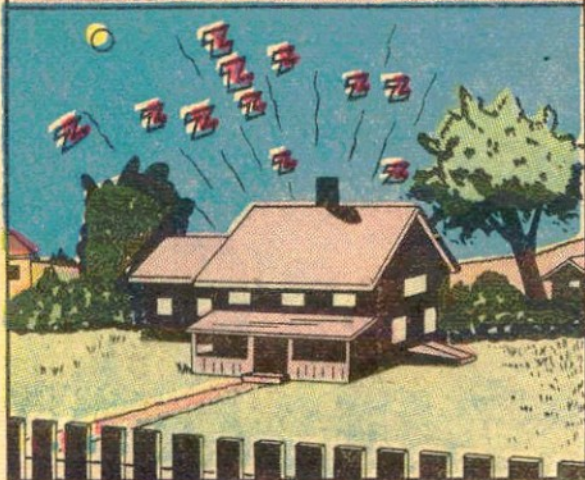
SOMETHING WRONG, PAPA?

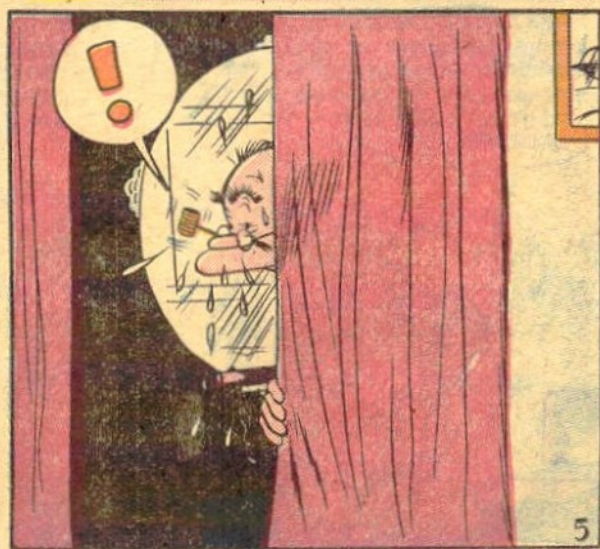
GULP!





That night ... late, 9 P.M. ... THE ANTHROP HOUSEHOLD IS DEEP IN MORPHEUS ...







Sally O'NEIL



BUT I DESERVE TO TAKE LULETTE TO THE COAST! IT WAS MY EVIDENCE THAT PROVED HER GUILTY! AFTER ALL, SHE'S A WOMAN ...I'M A WOMAN! I ...

BUT THERE'S A RUMOR OUT THAT HER GANG IS GONNA TRY TO TURN HER LOOSE EN ROUTE! I'M ASSIGNING McTAGG TO THE TRIP!



BUT HIS VACATION IS COMING UP! HE SHOULD ...

VACATION? THAT REMINDS ME, SALLY ... YOU'VE GOT SOME TIME OFF COMING! TAKE IT AND GET SOME REST FROM POLICE WORK! YOU LOOK TIRED!



Later that day ...

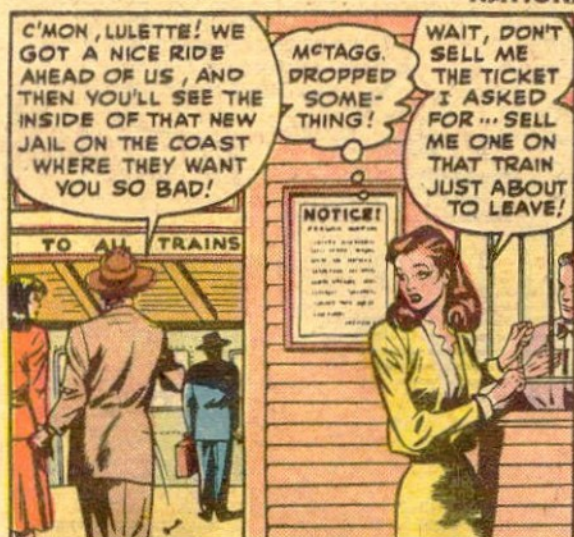
GONNA GET YOUR VACATION RESERVATION, SALLY? C'MON, WE'LL WALK YOU THERE! LULETTE HERE

INSISTS ON TAGGING ALONG!

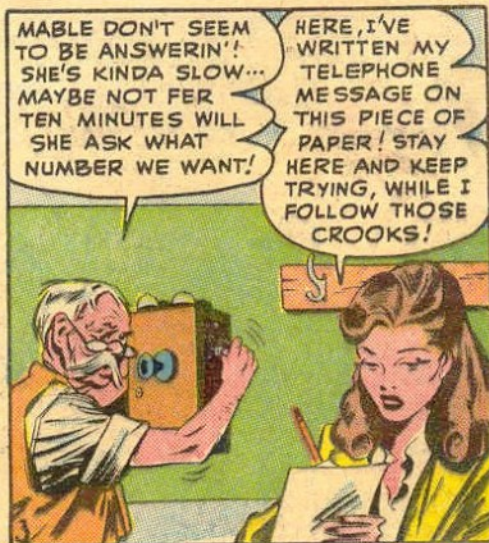
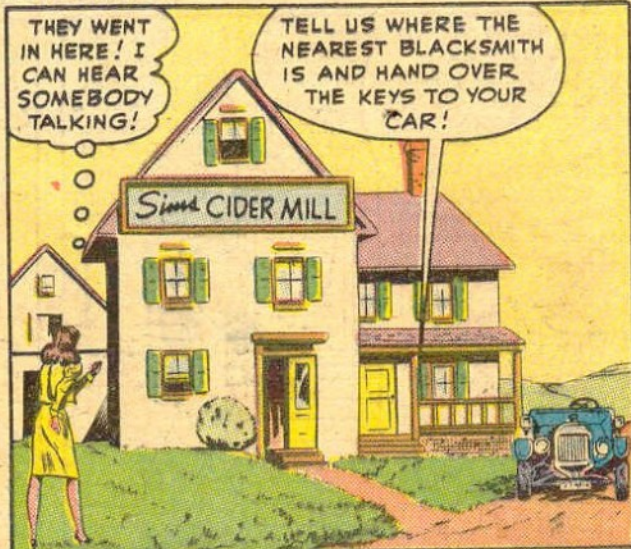
I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY, YOU BIG LUG!

RAILROAD STATION

NATIONAL COMICS



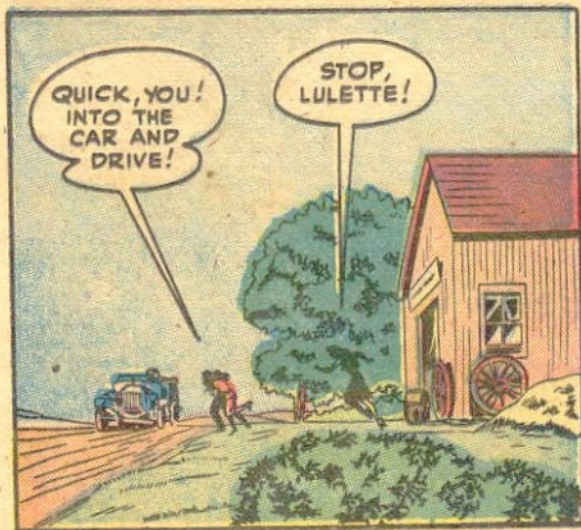
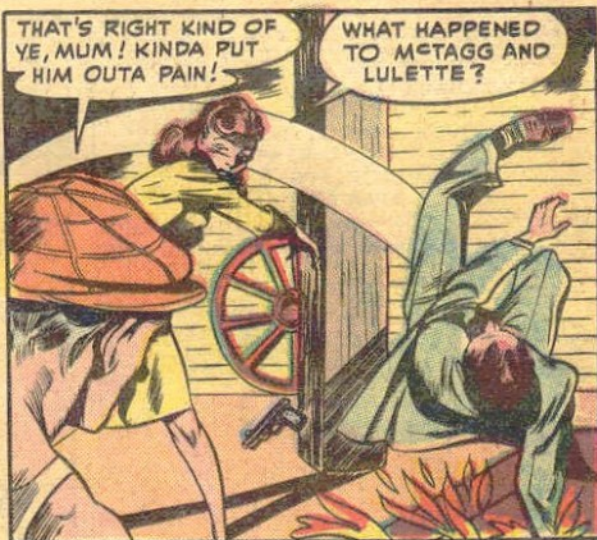
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NATIONAL COMICS

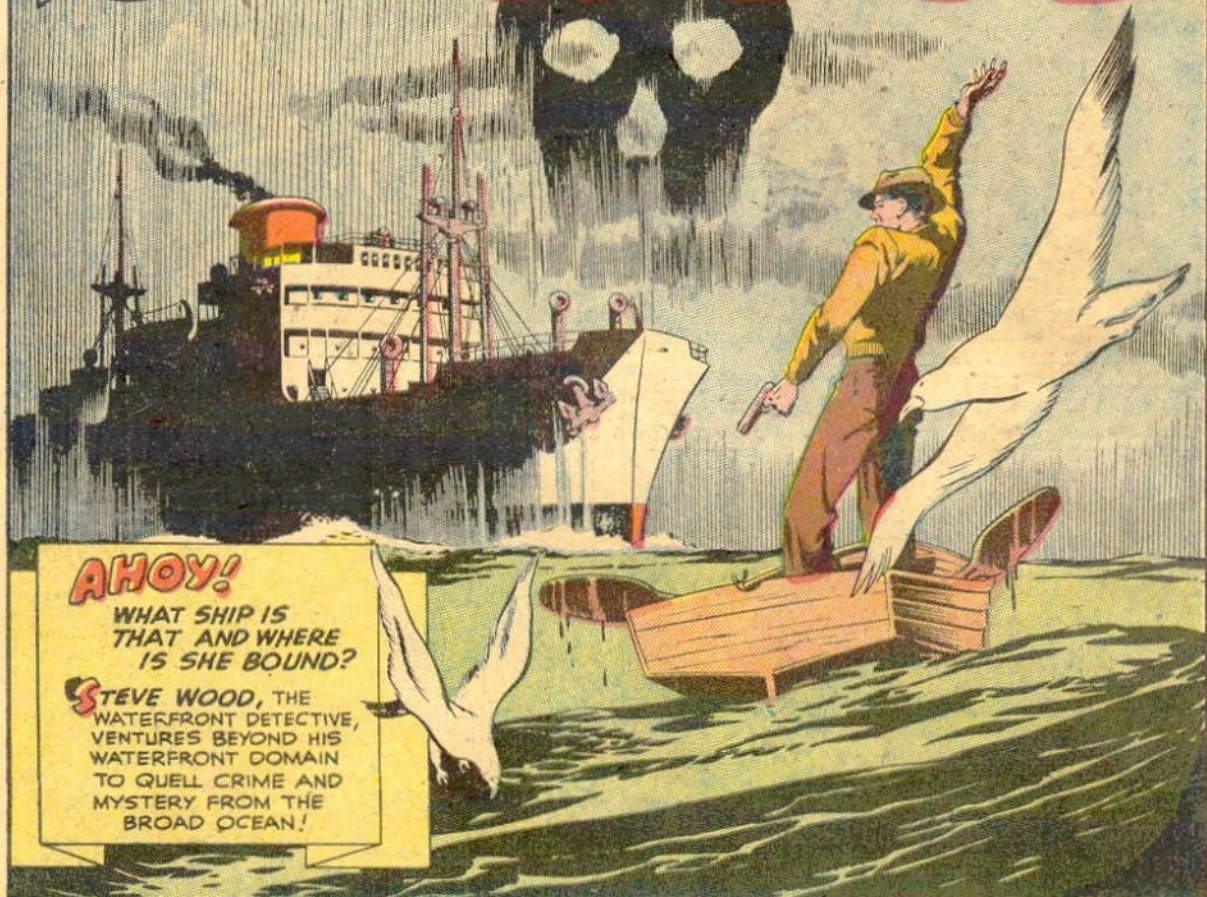


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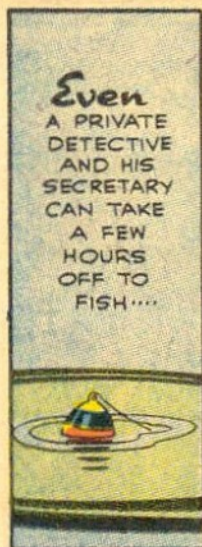
Steve WOOD



AHOY!

WHAT SHIP IS
THAT AND WHERE
IS SHE BOUND?

STEVE WOOD, THE
WATERFRONT DETECTIVE,
VENTURES BEYOND HIS
WATERFRONT DOMAIN
TO QUELL CRIME AND
MYSTERY FROM THE
BROAD OCEAN!



Even
A PRIVATE
DETECTIVE
AND HIS
SECRETARY
CAN TAKE
A FEW
HOURS
OFF TO
FISH...



CATCH
SOMETHING,
SALLY?

YES, STEVE...
AND
LOOK
DOWN THERE
AT WHAT I
CAUGHT!



A
HAND...
AN
ARM...
OH,
STEVE!

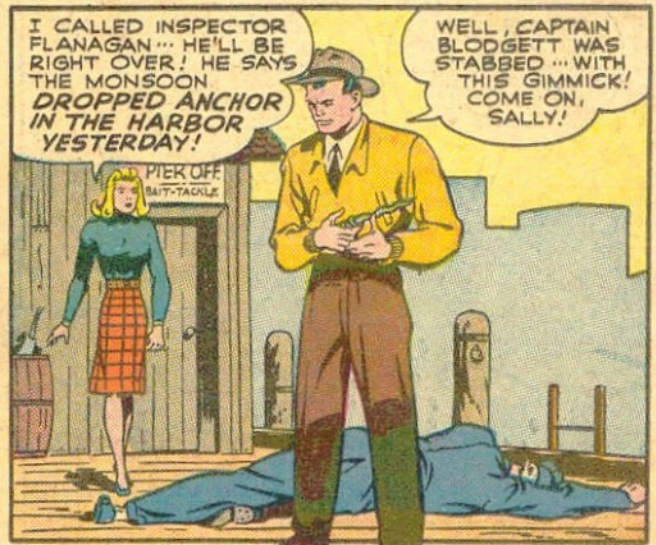
TAKE IT
EASY,
SALLY!
I'LL GO
DOWN
THIS
LADDER
AND SEE
IF I CAN
PULL HIM
OUT!

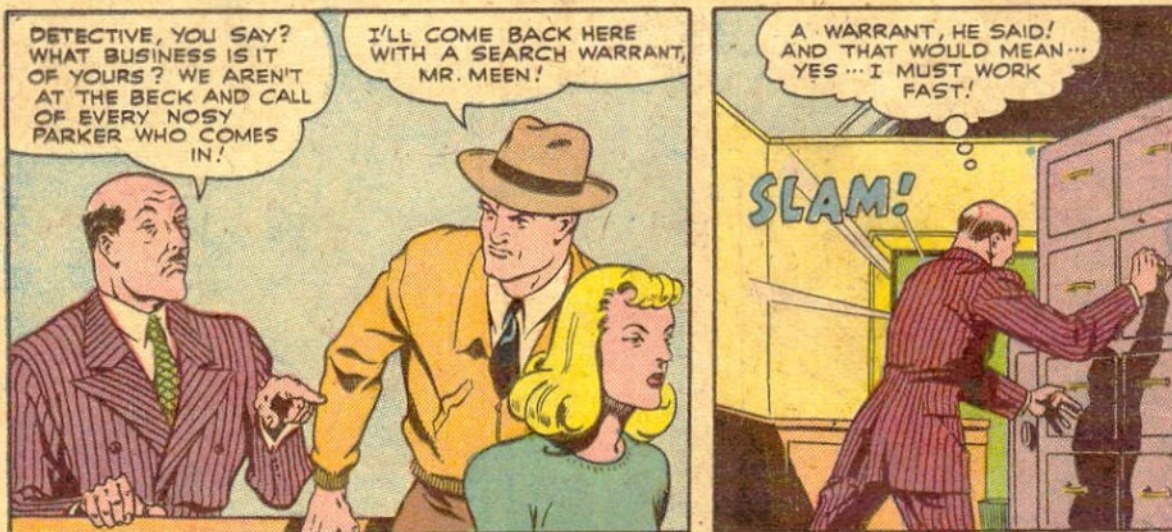


THERE'S A
KNIFE IN
HIS BACK!
IS HE...

HE'S JUST
BARELY
BREATHING!

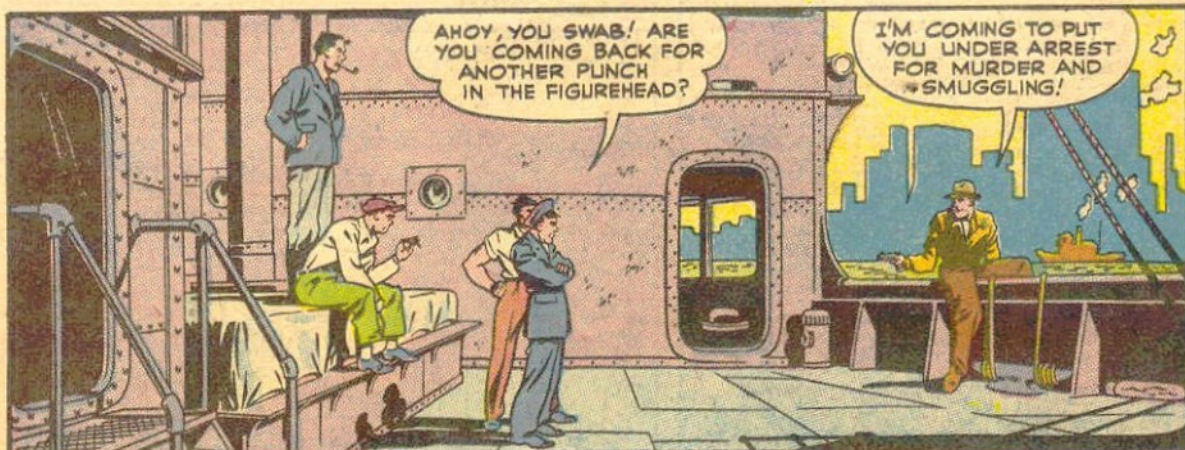
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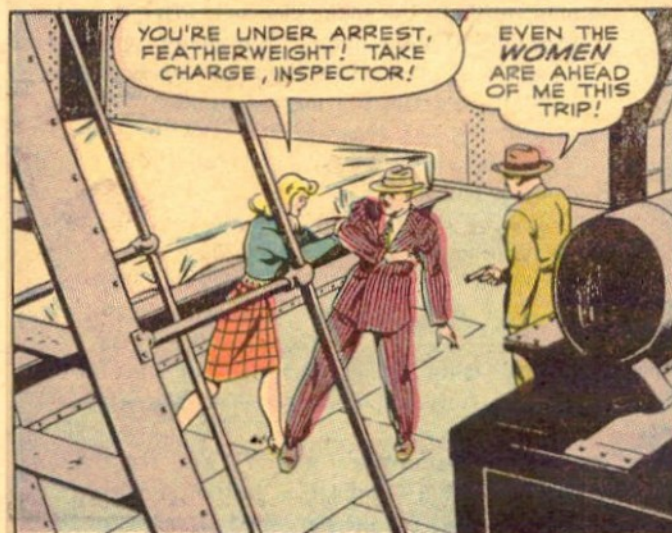
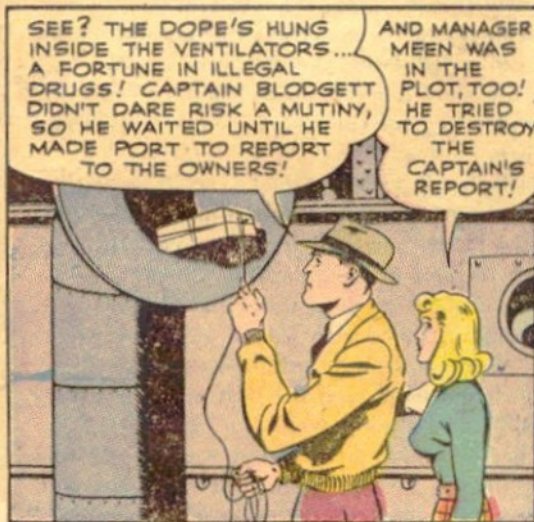




NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



RED MAN'S Bull

"I'm leary of it," said Colonel Lane of Lane's Mammoth Circus. "We'll be virtually stranded in that reservation, miles from any town."

Carnie Calahan, the Barker, chuckled. "I think you're afraid of Indians, Colonel. Did you forget that we are no longer on the war path with them?"

The colonel waved an exasperated hand. "Oh, don't be facetious, Carnie. Of course I'm not afraid of a lot of Indians! It's only that—that the show will be totally isolated, in case there is any trouble."

Carnie got up and yawned. "Personally I think booking that big reservation is one of the smartest things I've done in my career. Think of it, Colonel, fifteen thousand Indians—all paying customers!"

The colonel muttered to himself as Carnie swaggered out of the office tent. There were times, he thought, when a fellow couldn't please angels. This was one of them. What was wrong with Lane that he shivered at the thought of showing before Indians?

Major Midge trudged by with Lena, the fat lady in tow. He took three steps to her one.

"Hi, Midge—Lena," said Carnie. "What gives?"

"Is it true," said Midge, "that we're going to show before some Indian crowd?"

Carnie nodded.

"I'm frightened to death," said Lena. "Of all things, Indians!"

Carnie laughed. "You have nothing to worry about, Lena. I've heard Indians like their wives plump. But you're a little too much on the heavy side for the best of 'em!"

Lena made a swipe at him. "Go hide your fat head!" she cried, sweeping past in a huff.

Five days later the special circus train came around a bend and pulled into Sundance, the little town some miles from the reservation. The troupe piled out and went in search of hotel quarters.

Carnie and the colonel lingered a while under a wooden awning, like the ones which covered

the sidewalk on both sides of the dusty street. They leaned against a 'dobe wall.

"Well, Colonel, this is Sundance!" said Carnie casually.

"Yeah." Colonel Lane puckered his brow and gave a hasty glance up and down the street. "Look at 'em, sleeping standing up. Everywhere you look—Indians!"

"They're potential dollars, each of them," Carnie reminded him.

The colonel growled. "I wish we'd never have accepted this booking," he stated.

The next day the big circus wagons and trucks were unloaded from the flat cars and packed with the show's possessions. Then the caravan got under way for the reservation, ten miles out of town.

Black, beady eyes watched everything with a strange, unwinking moodiness. Colonel Lane didn't like it. He saw evil in those eyes. He read danger in their glowing depths.

The Arizona sun beat down like a blowtorch, so afternoon shows were called off. They would have to make it only nights—three of them.

The tent was packed the first night. The acts came off exceedingly well. But during the entire performance not a sound was heard from the audience. No one laughed or made a sound.

"It's uncanny," said Spudo, the four-armed man to Shali, the snake charmer, after the show had closed for the night. "Not one of 'em cracked a smile, even when I put on my best act."

Shali eyed the four-armed wonder with eyes very much like those of her crawling charges. "And who says you ever do anything that'd cause a chuckle?"

"Oh, I don't know," Spudo replied. "You do nothing but make people's flesh crawl."

"What's all this," demanded the Barker as he came into the tent. "Bickering again, you two?"

"No. Only trying to figure out why no one in that frozen audience cracked a grin," said Spudo.

"It was funny, wasn't it?" said the Barker. "I guess that's known as Indian stoicism; but it isn't good for the nerves of a troupe, eh?"

NATIONAL COMICS

Colonel Lane trudged in. He was scowling.

"That does it," he said. "That ties it. I won't show to such an unappreciative mob. I say I won't! I'll pack up and move out of here."

"They each paid a buck, Colonel," said Carnie softly. "Remember?"

Lane remembered. He remembered too that it had been the easiest crowd to handle he'd ever had.

So the show went on the next night as scheduled. Again the tent was jammed. Again the performances went off without a sound. And again the Lane Mammoth Circus took down a till full of dollars.

The third night was the same.

But still Col. Lane didn't like anything about it. There was something wrong. He was glad when the morning of the fourth day dawned, and the roustabouts began packing the show into the trucks.

And right here is where something happened. Chief Sit-Down-Too-Long rode up to Col. Lane on his knobby-kneed horse and said, "How."

"Heh?" said Lane.

"Show go away?"

Lane nodded.

The chief shook his head. "No go yet," he said.

"I don't getcha," said the colonel.

"Indian put on show. You stay see."

"You guys—uh—you people are putting on a show?"

The chief inclined his head a half-inch. "Do same. You stay." He turned his horse and rode off.

"Well, I'll be a dad-burned donkey!" said Lane.

By noon most of the show was loaded and the trucks were ready to start back to town. It was then that some three hundred mounted braves rode down out of the hills and with screaming and yelping began encircling the show. They rode like demons, and yelled louder.

"Say, what is this?" demanded the colonel of Carnie Calahan. "Are they going to give us trouble now?"

"I dunno what it means."

The colonel told him of his interesting chat with the chief that morning. Carnie looked startled.

"Then they mean to keep us here to see their show," he explained. "That's the gag. We'd better stay, Colonel, Indians are Indians still."

"Humph," snorted the colonel.

So that night the Indians put on their show. It was a real wild west sort of thing, with much riding, shooting of blanks, weird dances and knife throwing.

It was really a fine show and left the Mammoth Circus troupe a little bewildered. These Indians were excellent actors.

"You know what," said the colonel to the Barker, after the show had at last ended past midnight, "we could clean up with some of those chaps. Imagine how people would open their eyes at a real Indian troupe back east!"

The old chief came striding up to the colonel and Calahan. "You like show?" he asked.

"Fine, Chief," exclaimed Lane. "It was wonderful."

"Then you pay Indians dollar each," stated the chief. "Pay now. Tonight we give new show."

Calahan winked at Lane. "Better do as he says," he whispered. "Or we might not be able to get any of them in our show."

So the paymaster began paying out silver dollars to a never-ending string of Indians. There must have been three hundred of them.

That night it was the same. The show the Indians staged was in reality much like the first one, with some difference. The next morning the chief demanded payment again. And again the paymaster doled out some \$350.

This happened the third night, too. Lane figured the fourth morning that he had paid out more than he'd taken in. But there was the spicy anticipation of signing up fifty or so good red actors. He and Calahan set out looking for the Indians, but after riding many miles they found no one except old men and babies. Not a brave anywhere.

"Carnie," said the colonel, sweat covered and tired from his long horseback ride. "I think we've been cleverly hoodwinked. We paid those Indians more than we took in. They put on that show just to get their money back."

"Yes, and it looks like they don't want to join Mammoth. Colonel, I believe they slicked us!"

Colonel Lane looked sad for a moment, then broke into tired laughter. "Carnie, we thought we knew the show game. But those redskins slipped one over beautifully. They know the show game, too."

LASSIE



SAY, ROBERTA... DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I WAS JUST AN AWFULLY SMALL GIRL HOW I USED TO PUT A PIE PAN IN MY ROMPERS WHEN YOU WERE GONNA GIVE ME A PADDLING?

YES! BUT HERE WE ARE AT UNCLE BALTY'S!



AND REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE!

OH, YES! DURING THIS VISIT, I'M GOING TO KEEP MY GOOD RECORD BY GIVING NO ONE EVEN THE TEENIEST BIT OF TROUBLE!

HMM! AND IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A DULL TIME!



NOT AT ALL! UNC HAS A SPECIAL ROOM FOR US TO PLAY GAMES IN!

WELL, MAYBE IT WON'T BE AS BORING AS I THINK!



Later...

NOW, REMEMBER, LASSIE... BE GOOD 'TIL I GET BACK! WE DON'T WANT TO RETURN TO THE OLD PIE PAN DAYS, DO WE?

HO! HO! HAVE NO FEAR OF THAT!

WAIT! THEY SEE THE NEW GAMES I'VE GOT FOR THEM!



THERE YOU ARE, KIDS! NOW GO TO IT!

WOW!

REAL ELECTRIC TRAINS, BUILDING SETS AN' EVERYTHING!



AH, THAT MUST BE COLONEL CUPPY CALLING AGAIN!

RINNNING!

NATIONAL COMICS



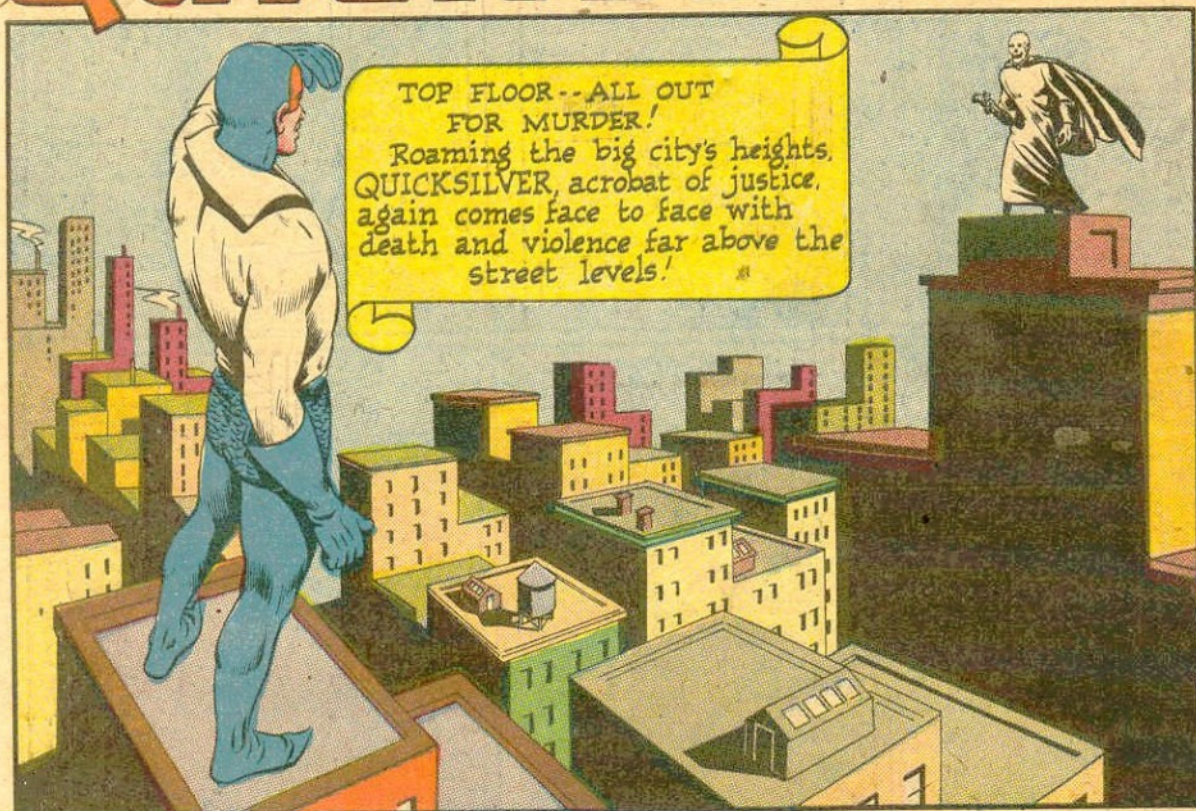


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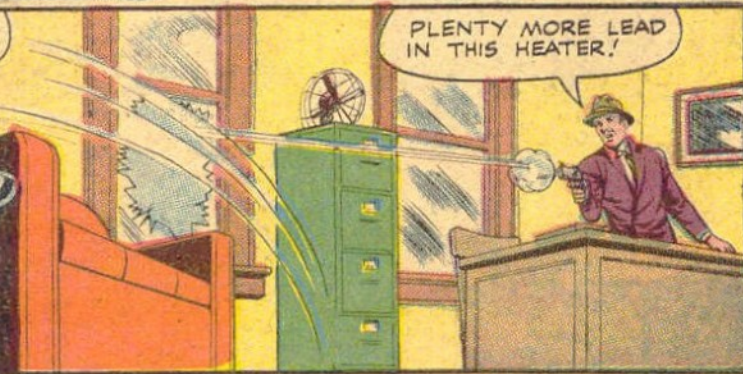
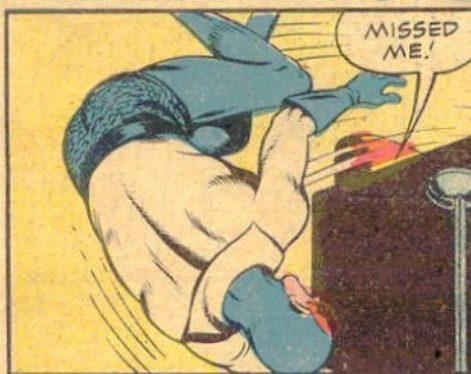


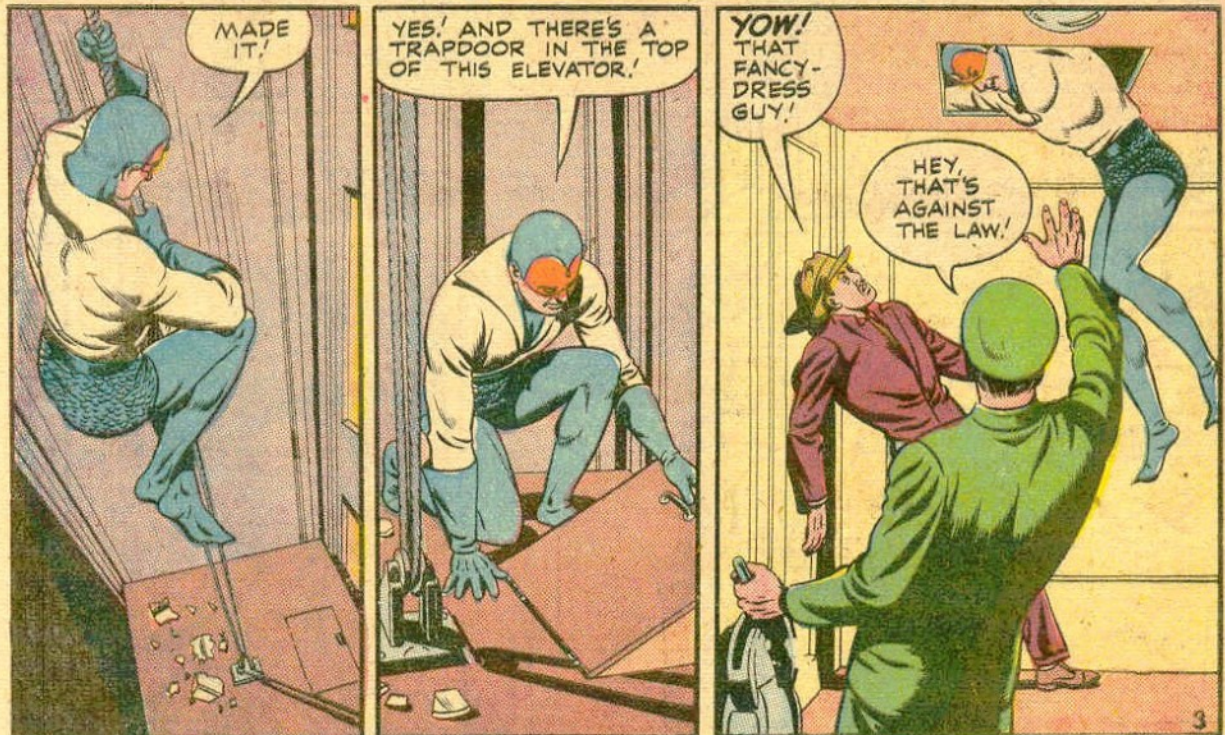
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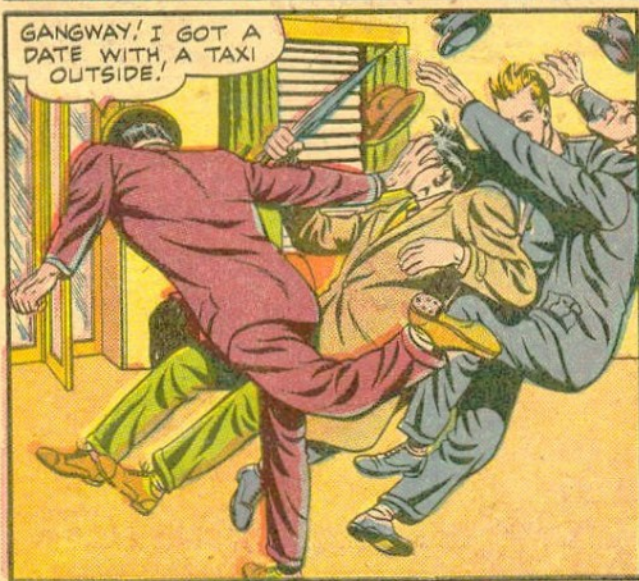


NATIONAL COMICS














**head
of the
class!**

That's the **SHELBY**
with its genuine
ShockEase Fork* . .



*for smoother
riding comfort!*

The Shelby is the smoothest looking, the smoothest riding bike you've ever seen. Compare its bright, beautiful *lasting* colors and you'll have proof enough why Shelby is the top favorite with boys and girls everywhere. And it will give longer service too because it's built better, from the inside out.

*ALSO AVAILABLE ON GIRL'S MODEL



Calling All Kids!
← IT'S FREE

It's Bobby Shelby's new book "How To Be An Expert Bike Rider" . . . packed full of safety tips and hints on bicycle care and how to have more fun with your bicycle. Be sure to check both boxes if you want both Bobby Shelby's book and the illustrated catalog of Shelby models. Mail the coupon today.

SEND ME ☐ BOBBY SHELBY'S BOOK ☐ SHELBY'S BIKE CATALOG

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Send to: **THE SHELBY CYCLE COMPANY**
15 High School Ave., Shelby, Ohio



**It won't be long
until Christmas**

Send for our free catalog picturing available Shelby models in colors. Pick the one you want and put it at the top of your Christmas list . . . then drop a hint to Dad by taking him to your local dealer who will be glad to show you these swell new Shelybs.

The
SHELBY
"America's Quality Bicycle"

**BOYS!
GIRLS!
HURRY**

Amazing LIFEBOUY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

**MY
SECRETS
OF**

MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE

**WORLD'S FOREMOST
MAGICIAN**



Get your Magic Book today—amaze your friends

More than 60 baffling tricks! Number tricks! Match tricks! Mind-reading tricks! Yes, this fascinating book is chock-full of clever tricks of all kinds . . . with simple explanations of Blackstone's own secret ways of doing them. And they're all "easy as pie" to learn. If you want to have barrels of fun fooling your friends with feats of magic . . . if you want to be the "hit" of every party . . . send for your Magic Book right now!

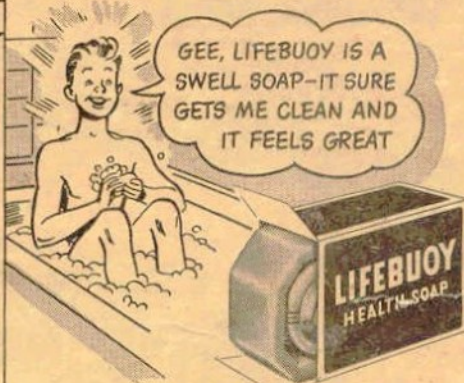


RUSH COUPON

**SEND ONLY 15¢ WITH ONE
LIFEBOUY BOX TOP**

**Discover How Wonderful a
LIFEBOUY Bath Really Is!**

USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



**ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY**

P. O. Box 1, New York 8, N. Y.

Please rush me one copy of "MY SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Blackstone. I enclose one Lifebuoy Soap box top and 15 cents in coin.

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CITY _____

ZONE _____

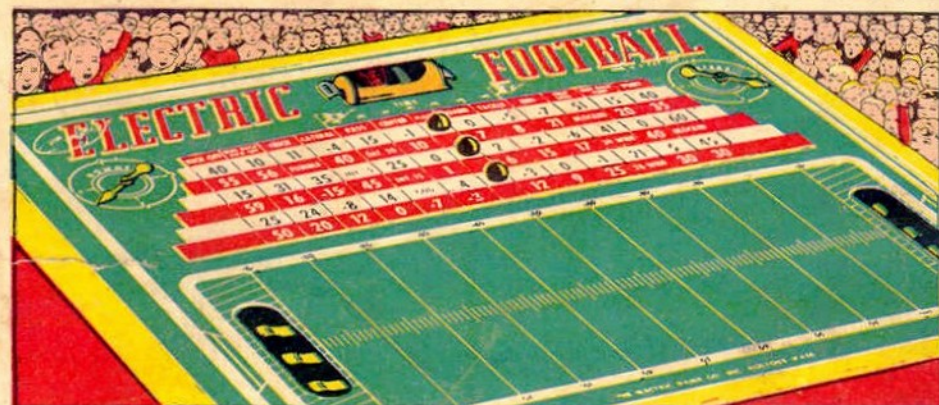
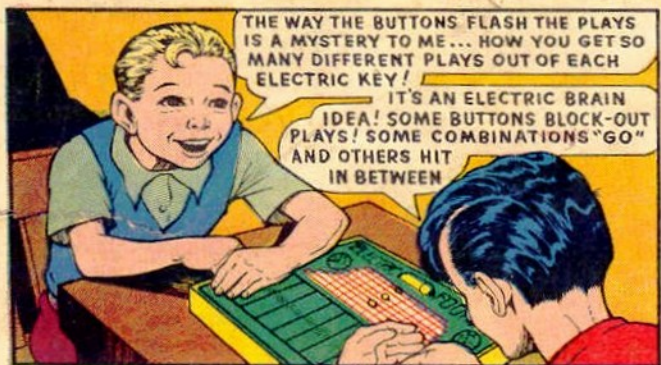
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(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948)

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1948, **ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by THE ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS
Play
FOOT-
BALL
Rain
or
Shine



GET SET for Breathtaking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.

Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

All Electric Games
Are Same Size.
Equally As Enjoyable.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.,
473 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

Name _____ Amount Enclosed _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

RUSH for Christmas!

☐ Electric Football
☐ Electric Baseball
☐ Electric Air Race
☐ Electric Bowling
☐ Electric Flash Quiz

\$2.50 brings Game POST-PAID in postal carton.

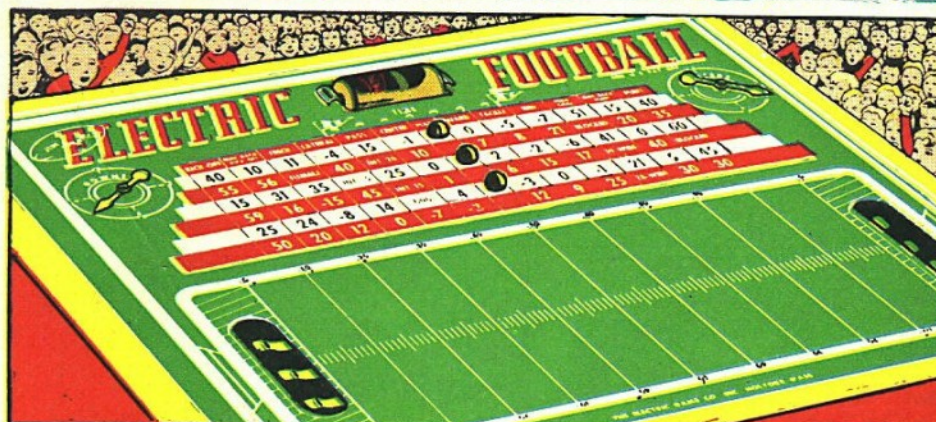
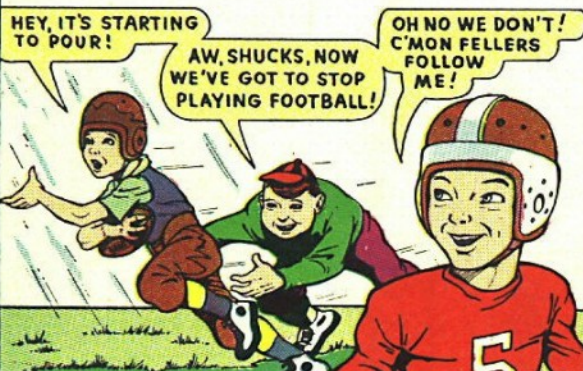
C.O.D. Send \$1.00. Postman collects balance.

ALL GAMES POSTPAID.

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Amount Enclosed

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